

The Evening World

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THE GRAND JURY.

CURRENT ACTIVITIES of the Extraordinary Grand Jury which is reported to be probing the city's present municipal administration remind New Yorkers of one of the most powerful and, on the whole, dependable protective bodies with which their judiciary system has provided them.

So important are the functions of a Grand Jury in the County of New York that the average citizen should know more about them than he does.

Here are twenty-three men—of whom sixteen constitute a quorum—upon whom devolve the duty of inquiring (Sec. 260 of the Code of Criminal Procedure)

1. Into the case of every person imprisoned in the jail of the county, on a criminal charge and not indicted;
2. Into the conduct and management of the public prisons in the county; and
3. Into the willful and corrupt misconduct in office of public officers of every description, in the county.

In the language of the Code, the Grand Jury "must" so inquire. And in order that it may fulfill this duty the Grand Jury is not only empowered "to inquire into all crimes committed or triable in the county" but is also entitled "to the examination, without charge, of all public records in the county"; to "the advice of any judge of the court or of the district attorney of the county" and to the aid of the district attorney, the assistant district attorney or "an attorney regularly in the employ of the district attorney and paid by the county" whenever such aid is required for examining witnesses or securing information.

Obviously the powers of these twenty-three men are only equalled by their responsibilities. How are Grand Jurors selected?

They are selected from a list of names the number of which is limited by statute to 1,200. The list is made up annually by a Board consisting of the Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, an Associate Justice of the same, the Mayor, and two Judges of the Court of General Sessions. The persons selected must be citizens under seventy years of age, intelligent, and presumably competent, fair-minded and willing to do their duty in serving.

Practically, as noted in a little manual compiled and published a few years ago by the Association of Grand Jurors for the use of Grand Jurors in the County of New York, "the list consists of a picket number of prominent business men of the county, active or retired, lawyers and most professional men being non-eligible."

Whenever a panel of Grand Jurors is required the Commissioner of Jurors causes each name on the list of 1,200 to be written on a separate ballot, all ballots being then placed in a wheel and fifty names drawn at random in the presence of one of the Judges of the Board. At the opening of the court a further drawing from the names of those summoned on the panels provides the required twenty-three for each Grand Jury. The Court appoints a Foreman, administers the oath to him and to the other members and then charges the Grand Jury, instructing it as to its duties and powers and calling to its attention special matters with which it will probably have to deal.

By statute the Grand Jury "can receive none but legal evidence." It is warranted in finding an indictment "only upon evidence such as will be admitted upon the trial of a case in open court." Cases may be submitted to it which have been passed upon by a Magistrate or which are brought before it by the Court or by the District Attorney. On the other hand, as the Manual for Grand Jurors notes:

"There are cases in which no individual is charged before them, but where they are to inquire whether there is any criminal, and, if so, who he is. In this sort of investigation there is no limit to the range which they may take if they see fit. They may summon any person in the community who in their judgment may throw light upon the inquiry."

Here is where the power of the Grand Jury becomes almost unlimited and where its own composition, character and purpose may be of vital moment to the community.

"The Grand Jury was designed to be, in most cases, a body of discreet and thinking men called together to protect the public interest, and not to be converted into instruments of private cupidity or revenge."

Grand Jurors are bound by the statute to keep secret what they may have said or how they may have voted on a matter before them. The late Justice Field of the Supreme Court of the United States well defended what must be the necessary attitude of a Grand Jury toward outside influences or interferences:

"Let any reflecting man, be he layman or lawyer, consider the consequences which would follow if every individual could, at pleasure, throw his malice or his prejudice into the Grand Jury room, and he will necessarily conclude that the rule of law which forbids all communication with Grand Jurors engaged in criminal investigations, except through the public institution of the courts and the testimony of sworn witnesses, is a rule of safety to the community."

Grand Jurors in the County of New York have meant much in the history of the City of New York. It is solid ground for confidence that, by and large, they have proved so reliable and active a guard.

COUNTRY OR CLASS?

"Where the right of collective bargaining has been recognized, and the peaceful processes of settlement of disputes have been offered and rejected, no Government worthy of the name can permit the strike weapon to be used to enforce the demands of a single class of workers at the expense of all the people.

"In a statement recently issued by officers of the miners' union, reference is made to the 'supreme authority' of the miners' organization. The question which we must now try out is whether the by-laws of the miners' union shall prevail against the great needs of the people and whether the 'supreme authority' of any non-governmental body can be substituted for the authority of the Government under the law."

—The Federal Attorney General to the District Attorneys, Mayors and Burgesses of Pennsylvania.

Country or class—which is to be the permanent, sane in government?

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



The Gay Life of a Commuter

By Rube Towner

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The Goat Dinner as a Vote Getter in the Paradise Election

WHILE the Tiger was seeking whom he might devour in the city election the goat was butting into the campaign in Eden County, in which Paradise Village is the commuters' pride.

"My Gott! I hope nothing happens to Charlie; I would never forgive myself," said Jake.

"I'll tell you how to fix the whole thing and take credit for it," said Day. "You get up a nice dinner for Charlie on his return and invite about two dozen of his friends. We'll only have two speeches, one by you and one by Charlie, and maybe he'll think you had something to do with sending him over."

At the end of two days Warble returned, was greeted warmly by Charlie and told of the forthcoming dinner.

Jake's speech at the dinner was a masterpiece. He praised the American Government for its inventive skill; he praised the American soldiers and sailors; but above all he praised his friend, Charlie Warble, as a braver man than any of them; told how he had crossed the ocean in three days and recrossed in three more in an untired craft under the water and how he ought to have his name written highest on the scroll of fame.

And Charlie Y. Warble got up, and in a voice quivering with emotion declared he was overwhelmed by this evidence of friendship, especially on the part of Jake. In a way it was nothing; nothing more hazardous in his trip than there would be shooting quail, but the tributes paid him by his friend were too much; he could not trust himself to speak further. And wiping his eyes he sat down.

The injunction of secrecy was obeyed for months, but one night at another dinner Charlie Day let the cat out of the bag, and at the same time let the goat into his campaign.

After all, heart strings make up the lines of least resistance. There's many a slip 'twixt the flirt and the fit. Discrimination is the better part of wisdom and of later well being. The woman who wins is she who lets the man woo in the winning. Modesty is recognized everywhere, be it in the office or the home. It is a fine thing to have a mortgage on Cupid. It keeps the heart young. Even Cupid demands interest, no matter how well the principal is protected.

Cupid cannot pay dividends on love when the interests on mortgages are not paid. As "murder will out," so will the real heart of things. He who fishes for a big catch must have elusive bait. It is man's prerogative to be the pursuer in the love game; which condition no suffrage age will ever change.

Cupid is the one master whose doctrine is at once the oldest and the newest in the world.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mr. Jarr Discusses the Probable Social Unrest in the Spiritual World

"**W**ILL you be home early to-day?" Mrs. Jarr asked an friend husband was departing for the day.

"Yes, maybe pretty early," Mr. Jarr replied. "In fact, Jenkins, Johnson and I are thinking of going on strike and calling out the barbershop manicure girls and hat check boys in sympathy."

"You never mind that," said Mrs. Jarr. "You stick by our own 'one big union'—and I want to tell you you needn't come home early, for if it doesn't rain Mrs. Hickett wants me to go to the cemetery with her."

"A jolly day is in store for you, then," said Mr. Jarr.

"Now, please don't jest on serious subjects," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Hickett would feel hurt, because to-day is a sad anniversary for her."

"How long has she been a widow?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Her first husband has been dead ten years and her second husband has been dead six, and they both died the same day of the month," replied Mrs. Jarr. "She goes over twice a year and fixes up the lot where they both are. She goes this in the spring and, as now, in the autumn. It is such a little lot that it takes her only these two days to get it looking nice."

"Have your own good times in your own way," ventured Mr. Jarr, seeming not to hear his wife's last remark. "I'm only glad I'm not expected to join in the jovial doings of the day."

"Oh, I don't know that I will go with her," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Kittingly upstairs has asked me to go downtown shopping with her. You said what you like; Mrs. Kittingly may be divorced, but I never have seen her act otherwise than in a most becoming manner. And then, for she's a generous little thing and always takes me out in a taxicab and buys a nice luncheon. And that's more than a lot of people do who are so quick to make remarks about her hospitality. There's a thing I have noticed, and that is that a lot of people who pride themselves on their extreme respectability are so mean and grasping and stingy. Poor little Mrs. Kittingly! And it's wretched the way her former husbands treat her about her alimony."

"Don't they pay it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, they pay it all right, but they wait till the very last minute the law allows and then just send her a check for the exact amount, although it costs her now twice as much to live as it did when she got her decrees."

"Well, I hope you have a few words on that subject you wish to select?"

"Gladly, madam, gladly," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I seldom have a chance to talk to a fair woman, don't care to interrupt. It will be a treat for me."

"Oh, Mayor Cline," replied Promptress Pertie, "I know you must be a funny person. We'll expect you at 8."

Poor Stuff, Mayor!

Promptly at the stated hour the visiting executive entered the Hugus Hall and was assigned to a seat on the rostrum. A report in the Bazaar to the effect that he carried a big red bottle in his pocket has been denied. Promptress Pertie arose and held up one hand.

"We have with us to-night, ladies," she began, "a most not as I as Mayor Cline V. Cline of Barberville. Mayor Cline has consented to say a few words to us. Isn't that nice?"

London Dramatic Critic Reviews 'The Passing Show' For The Evening World

Ladies in Audience May Clean Novel Fashion Styles From Magnificent Frocks on Gamboling Girls.

Mrs. Monica Ewer, Dramatic Critic of the London Herald, recently arrived in New York and The Evening World has arranged with her to review some of the current New York plays.

By Monica Ewer

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THE Winter Garden offers us "The Passing Show of 1919." Not a significant title. We have had many "Passing Shows," but they seem a long time about it. It reappears and it differs not, and that poor lady, "Molly Malone," is still on the job. But then she rhymes so nicely with "my own."

Some five or six years ago some one evolved this type of show that was too disjointed to be a musical comedy and too continuous to be a vaudeville entertainment. Apparently, it has come to stay. Not merely does it exhibit no signs of "passing" away, but it shows no signs of developing. One can see no particular future before it. The closest scrutiny does not yet reveal an offspring to symphonize.

Yet, even now, it was with surprise that I met a turn of acrobats in the middle. It should be added that they were splendid acrobats. It is always a relief in the midst of the rather misty attainments of the musical comedy company to come across anything so efficient and so perfect. Here were people who really could do something and could do it well. I think it was G. K. Chesterton who said: "You can counterfeit an atmosphere, but you cannot counterfeit a pun." Likewise, clothes and rouge and limelight will carry lots of things across, but it has got to be the real goods when I lift my partner sky high with one hand.

Nineteen-nineteen is largely a mannequin show. I tremble to think of the expense of all those magnificent frocks; creations that one could hardly see because they are so many and they change so often. One might imagine every woman in the audience making notes for the instruction of her dressmaker. It seems strange that this should be used as the particular appeal to the young man for whom, I presume, such a show is intended. It is like straying into the models' parade in a smart department store. But, perhaps, as one of our most offensive music-hall songs expresses it, the young man is "looking for the little lump of cuddle inside." Anyway, he has ample opportunity for studying the female anatomy, and who was it said "a woman is interesting from her chin to her toes"? You get an extra good view if you are near the gangway. The old, happy, romantic days are gone. Days when an actress knew that her place was behind the footlights, and from where she allowed one to cherish one's illusions.

The young things of the chorus worked terribly hard. The programme was generous enough to give us their names. No wonder they are proud of them. I am divided in my mind between a desire to know Miss Tristle Brunette or Miss De Voeurs Anguillar. There is something in a name after all. And if the chorus did not sing very well they danced efficiently. But I have no use for this habit of shaking the shoulders, as if they had a pin in the middle of their backs.

It was hard to distinguish individuals among such a bevy of stars. There were several beautiful young men, with square chins and straight noses, all looking like advertisements for collars. I never could decide which of them was which, but one of them set out and had some fine adventures, in the course of which he visited Egypt and China and Italy. In Florence he was fortunate enough to see some really fine coloring, especially the little Botticelli pines in their blue tabards.

Then there were lots of lovely ladies, but they had an alarming way of baring their teeth. I expect it was only a smile, but I had a cowardly dread that they wanted to bite me. They too worked very hard, even to the extent of assuring the pale young man sitting next me that he had "mischievous in his eye," which was really quite untrue.

Of course there were outstanding features. There were the Avon Pour in Hebrew comedies. The American Jew must be an entertaining person in the home circle. Then, there was Miss Frankie Heath, who might well give some more to do. Above all there was Mr. James Barton. There can be no doubt that Mr. Barton is very clever; whether he is very funny is another matter. His dancing is brilliant, but it is grotesque to the verge of being sinister. His work is so minute and finished that he needs a smaller theatre. But that he has big talent is undeniable. Yes, Mr. Barton is a man to see!

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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MAYOR CARNIVAL V. CLINE of Barberville visited the neighboring city of Delhi last Tuesday. It was a business trip, his object being to purchase two shoats from Phineas Cramer, but much other than business has developed out of Mr. Cline's trip. The friendly relations that have existed heretofore between Barberville and Delhi are badly strained and there is fear that from now on the two towns will be hated rivals. It is all the result of a speech Mayor Cline made before the Women's Betterment League of Delhi Tuesday evening.

When Promptress Pertie heard the visiting executive had bought the hogs and had a few hours of spare time on his hands (the 4.30 Pullman being four hours late) she got in touch with him by telephone at the East Cafe, where he was dining.

"Our league meets to-night at 8, Mayor," she said. "Would you care to favor us with a few words on any subject you wish to select?"

"Gladly, madam, gladly," replied Mayor Cline. "I seldom have a chance to talk to a fair woman, don't care to interrupt. It will be a treat for me."

"Oh, Mayor Cline," replied Promptress Pertie, "I know you must be a funny person. We'll expect you at 8."

This Way Out!

He took his hat and left by the back door quickly. Everybody knew it wasn't the Pullman that had whistled. They knew it was the accommodation going in the other direction. But they let him go.

While what amounted almost in pardonable exaggeration to Miss Doolittle went downstairs and, in a box stall, she ground out a poem touching on the subject of beautiful women. Having upstairs again she held up one hand.

"A poem!" she shouted.

"Recognized!" said Promptress Pertie.

Quiet was restored and Miss Doolittle read the following rhyme:

Beautiful women are everywhere,
Some may be in Barberville,
But what of our little city, fair?
Do we not some harbor still?
Barberville's girls are quite pretty,
But Delhi's are delicious.

My sister's child, Toney Rinkley,
Scared me with some bugs,
But I am so temperamental you see,
I merely gave her two hugs.
Barberville's girls are beautiful women—
Delhi leads the whole world.

With the reading of the final line the poetess sat down on a complete triumph. The ladies applauded with great gusto. All were pleased.

What Eve Said

About Cupid

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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SOME men think they are throwing their hearts in the engagement ring when it is only their hats.

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Discrimination is the better part of wisdom and of later well being. The woman who wins is she who lets the man woo in the winning. Modesty is recognized everywhere, be it in the office or the home. It is a fine thing to have a mortgage on Cupid. It keeps the heart young. Even Cupid demands interest, no matter how well the principal is protected.

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